

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VIII. -- HER FATHER'S MESSAGE. Looking out of the drawing-room winlast saw Iris in the street, returning to

She brought the maid with her into She brought the man the gayest of good spirits, and presented Rhoda to Mountjoy.

"What a blessing a good long walk is if we only knew it!" she exclaimed. "Look at my little maid's color! Who would suppose that she came here with heavy eyes and pale cheeks? Except that she loses her way in the town whenever she eyes and pale cheeks? Except that she loses her way in the town whenever she goes out alone, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on our residence at Honeybuzzard. The doctor is Rhoda's good genius and the doctor's wife is her fairy god-mother.

Mountjoy's courtesy having offered the engineers congratulations, the maid was

customary congratulations, the maid was permitted to retire, and Iris was free to permittees her astonishment at the friendly relations established (by means of the dinner-table) between the two most dis-similar men on the face of creation.

"There is something overwhelming," she declared, "in the bare idea of your having asked him to dine with you—on such a short acquaintance, and being such a man! I should like to have peeped in and seen you entertaining your guest with the inxuries of the hotel larder. Seriousthe inxuries of the hotel larder. Seriously, Hugh, your social sympathies have taken a range for which I was not prepared. After the example that you have set me, I feel ashamed of having doubted whether Mr. Vimpany was worthy of his charming wife. Don't suppose that I am ungrateful to the Doctor! He has found his way to my regard after what he his way to my regard, after what he has done for Rhoda. I only fail to understand how he has possessed himself of your

sympathies."
So she ran on, enjoying the exercise of her own sense of humor in innocent ignorance of the serious interests which she Mountjoy tried to stop her, and tried in

"No. no." she persisted, as mischievous ly as ever; "the subject is too interesting to be dismissed. I am dying to know how you and your guest got through the dinner. Did he take more wine than was good for him? And, when he forgot his good manners, did he set it all right again by saying, 'No offense,' and passing the bottle." Hugh could endure it no longer. "Pray

control your high spirits for a moment," he said. "I have news for you from Those words put an end to her outbreak of gaiety in an instant.
"News from my father?" she asked.

"Is he coming here?"
"No; I have heard from him." A letter?"

"A letter?"

"A telegram," Mountjoy explained, "in answer to a letter from me. I did my best to press your claims on him, and I am glad to say I have not failed."

"Hugh, dear Hugh! have you succeeded in reconciling us?"
Mountjoy produced the telegram. "I asked Mr. Henley." he said, "to let me know at once whether he would receive you, and to answer plainly Yes or No. The message might have been more kindly expressed—but, at any rate, it is a favorable reply."

Iris read the telegram.
"Is there another lather in the world," she said sadly, "who would tell his daugh-ter when she asks to come home, that he will receive her on trial?"
"Surely, you are not offended with him,

She shook her head. "I am like you." she said. "I know him too well to be of-fended. He shall find me dutiful, he shall find me patient. I am afraid I must not

find me patient. I am afraid I must not expect you to wait for me in Honeybuzzard. Will you tell my father that I hope to return to him in a week's time?"

"Pardon me, Iris, I see no reason why you should waste a week in this town. On the contrary, the more eager you show yourself to return to your father, the more likely you are to recover your place in his estimation. I had planned to take you home by the next train."

It is hotted at him in astonishment. "Is

Iris looked at him in astonishment. sible that you mean what you say?"

"My dear, I do most assuredly mean what I say. Why should you hesitate? What possible reason can there be for staying here any longer?"

"Oh, Hugh, how you disappoint mel What has become of your kind feeling, your sense of justice, your consideration for others? Poor Mrs. Vimpany!"

"What has Mrs. Vimpany to do with it?"

Iris was indignant.

"What has Mrs. Vimpany to do with it?"
Iris was indignant.
"What has Mrs. Vimpany to do with
it?" she repeated. "After all that I owe
to that good creature's kindness; after I
have promised to accompany her—she has
so few happy days, poor soul!—on excursions to places of interest in the neighborhead do you expect mate have her mo! hood, do you expect me to leave her—no!
it's worse than that—do you expect me to
throw her aside like an old dress that I
have worn out? And this after I have so unjustly, so ungratefully suspected her in my own thoughts? Shamefull shame-

With some difficulty, Mountjoy controlled himself. After what she had just said, his lips were sealed on the subject of Mrs. Vimpany's true character, Hecould only persist in appealing to her duty to her father.

her father.

"You are allowing your quick temper to carry you to strange extremities," he answered. "If I think it of more importance to hasten a reconciliation with your father than to encourage you to make excursions with a lady whom you have only known for a week or two, what have I done to deserve such an outbreak of anger? Hush!
Not a word more now! Here is the lady

As he spoke, Mrs. Vimpany joined them; returning from her interview with her husband at the inn. She looked first at

Iris, and at once perceived signs of dis-turbance in the young lady's face.

Concealing her anxiety under that won-derful stage smile, which affords a refuge to so many secrets, Mrs. Vinipany said a few words excusing her absence. Miss Henley answered, without the slightest change in her friendly manner to the doc-tor's wife. The signs of disturbance were evidently attributable to some entirely un-important cause, from Mrs. Vimpany's point of view. Mr. Mountjoy's discoveries

point of view. Mr. Mount joy's discoveries had not been communicated yet. In Hugh's state of mind there was some

In Hugh's state of mind there was some irritating influence in the presence of the mistress of the house which applied the spur to his wits. He mischievously proposed submitting to her the question in dispute between Iris and himself.

"It is a very simple matter," he said to Mrs. Vimpany. "Miss Henley's father is anxious that she should return to him, after an estrangement between them which after an estrangement between them which is happily at an end. Do you think she ought to allow any accidental arrangements to prevent her from going home at once? If she requests your indulgence, under the circumstances, has she any reason to anticipate a pefusal?

on to anticipate a refusal?"

Mrs. Vimpany's expressive eyes looked up, with saintly resignation, at the dirty ceiling—and asked in dumb show what she had done to deserve the injury implied

she had done to deserve the injury implied by a doubt!

"Mr. Mountjoy," she said sternly, "you insult me by asking the question. Dear Miss Henley." she continued, turning to Iris, "you will do me justice, I am sure. Am I capable of allowing my own feelings to stand in the way, when your fillal duty is concerned? Leave me, my sweet friend. Go! I entreat you, go home!"



Iris read the telegram.

withdrew to the other end of the room—
and burst into the most becoming of all
human tears—theatrical tears. Impulsive
Iris hastened to comfort the personification of self-sacrifice, the model of all that
was most unselfish in female submission.
"For shame! for shame!" she whispered,
as she passed Mountjoy.

Beaten again by Mrs. Vimpany—with no
ties of relationship to justify resistance
to Miss Henley: with two women against
him, intrenched behind the privileges of
their sex—the one last sacrifice of his own
feelings, in the interests of Iris, that Hugh
sould make was to control the impulse
which naturally urged him to leave the
house. In the belpice position in which
he had now placed himself, he could only

wait to see What course Mrs. Viffipany might think it desirable to take. Would she request him, in her most politely malicious way, to bring his visit to an end? No; she looked at him—hesitated—directed a furtive glance towards the view of the street from the window—smiled mysteriously—and completed the sacrifice of her own feelings in these words:

"Dear Miss Henley, let me help you to pack up."

pack up. nris positively refused.
"No," she said. "I don't agree with Mr.
Mountjoy. My father leaves it to me to
name the day when we meet. I hold you,
my dear, to our engagement—I don't leave
an affectionate friend as I might leave stranger."

Even if Mr. Mountjoy communicated his discoveries to Miss Henley on the way

home there would be no danger now of her believing him. Mrs. Vimpany put her powerful arm round the generous Iris, and, with infinite grace, thanked her

Iris, and, with infinite grace, thanked her by a kiss.

"Your kindness will make my lonely lot in life harder than ever to bear," she murmured, "when you are gone."

"But we may hope to meet in London," Iris reminded her: "unless Mr. Vimpany alters his mind about leaving this place."

"My husband will not do that, dear. He is determined to try his luck, as he says, in London. In the meantime you will give me your address, won't you? Perhaps you will even promise to write to me?"

haps you will even promise to write to me?"

Iris instantly gave her promise, and wrote down her address in London.

Mountjoy made no attempt to interfere; it was needless.

If the maid had not fallen ill on the journey, and if Mrs. Vimpany had followed Miss Henley to London, there would have been little to fear in the discovery of her address—and there was little to fear now. The danger to Iris was not in what might happen while she was living under her father's roof, but in what might happen if she was detained (by plans for excursions) in Mr. Vimpany's house, until Lord Harry might join her there.

Rather than permit this to happen. Hugh (in sheer desperation) meditated charging Mrs. Vimpany, to her face, with being the Irish lord's spy, and proving the accusation by challenging her to produce the registered letter and the diamond pin.

While he was still struggling with his

while he was still struggling with his own reluctance to inflict this degrading exposure on a woman, the talk between the two ladies came to an end. Mrs. Vimpton of the world with the window. On ing exposure on a woman, the talk between the two ladies came to an end. Mrs. Vimpany returned again to the window. On this occasion, she looked out into the street—with her handkerchief (was it used as a signal?) exhibited in her hand. Iris, on her side, advanced to Mountjor. Easily moved to anger, her nature was incapable of sullen perseverance in a state of enmity. To see Hugh still patiently waiting—still risking the chances of insult—devoted to her, and forgiving her—was at once a reproach that punished Iris, and a mute appeal that no true woman's heart could resist.

With tears in her eyes, she said to him: With tears in her eyes, she said to him:

"There must be no coolness between you and me. I lost my temper, and spoke shamefully to you. My dear, I am indeed sorry for it. You are never hard on me—you won't be hard on me now?"

She offered her hand to him. He had just raised it to his lips—when the drawing-room door was roughly opened. They both looked round.

The man of all others whom Hugh least desired to see was the man who now en-

desired to see was the man who now en-tered the room. The victim of "light elaret"—privately directed to lurk in the street, until he saw a handkerchief flutterstreet, until he saw a handkerchief flutter-ing at the window—had returned to the house; primed with his clever wife's in-

CHAPTER IX .- MR. VIMPANY ON INTOXICA-TION. There was no unsteadiness in the doctor's walk, and no flush on his face. He certainly did strut when he entered the room; and he held up his head with digni-

room: and he held up his head with dignity when he discovered Mountjoy. But he seemed to preserve his self-control. Was the man sober again already?

His wife approached him with her set smile, the appearance of her lord and master filled Mrs. Vimpany with perfectly assumed emotions of agreeable surprise.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she said. "You seldom favor us with your company, my dear, so early in the evening. Are there fewer patients in want of your advice than usual?"

"You are mistaken. Arabella. I am here in the performance of a painful duty."

The doctor's language and the doctor's manner presented him to Iris in a character that was new to her. What effect had he produced on Mrs. Vimpany? That excellent friend to travelers in distress lowered her eyes to the floor and modestly preserved silence. Mr. Vimpany proceedered her eyes to the floor and modestly preserved silence. Mr. Vimpany proceed-ed to the performance of his duty; his pain-ful responsibility seemed to strike him at first from a medical point of view. "If there is a poison which undermines the sources of life," he remarked, "it is alcohol. If there is a vice that degrades humanity it is intovication. Mr. Mount. humanity, it is intoxication. Mr. Mount-joy, are you aware that I am looking at

"Impossible not to be aware of that,"
Hugh answered. "May I ask why you are
looking at me?" It was not easy to listen
gravely to Mr. Vimpany's denunciation of
intemperance after what had taken place
at the dinner of that day. Hugh smiled.
The moral majesty of the doctor entered
its protest.

its protest.
"This is really shameful," he said.
"The least you can do is to take it seri-"The least you can do is to take it seriously."

"What is it?" Mountjoy asked. "And why am I to take it seriously?"

Mr. Vimpany's reply was, to say the least of it, indirect. If such an expression may be permitted, it smelt of the stage. Viewed in connection with Mrs. Vimpany's persistent assumption of silent humility, it suggested to Mountjoy a secret understanding of some kind between husband and wife.

and wife.

"What has become of your conscience, sir?" Mr. Vimpany demanded. "Is that silent monitor dead within you? After giving me a bad dinner, do you demand an explanation? Ha! you shall have it." Having delivered himself to this effect, he added action to words. Walking grandly to the door, he threw it open, and saluted Mountjoy with an ironical bow. Iris observed that act of insolence; her color rose, her eyes glittered. "Do you see what he has just done?" she said to Mrs. V mpany.

Y many.

The doctor's wife answered softly: "I don't understand it." After a glance at her hard hand, she took Iris by the hand. "Dear Mass Healey, shall we retire to my

room?"
Iris drew her hand away. "Not unless Mr. Mountjoy wishes it," she said.
"Certainly not!" Hugh declared. "Pray remain here! Your presence will help me to keep my temper." He stepped up to Mr. Vimpany. "Have you any particular reason for opening that door!" he ask-

ed.
The doctor was a rascal; but, to do him justice, he was no coward. "Yes," he said, "I have a reason."
"What is it, if you please?"
"Christian forbearance," Mr. Vimpany

answered.
"Forbearance towards me?" Mountjoy The doctor's dignity suddenly deserted

The doctor's dignity suddenly deserted him.

"Aha, my boy, you have got it at last!" he cried. "It's pleasant to understand each other, isu't it?" You see, I'm a plain spoken fellow; I don't wish to give offense. If there's one thing more than another I pride myself on, it's my indulgence for human frailty. But, in my position here, I'm obliged to be careful. Upon my soul, I can't continue my acquaintance with a man who—oh, come! come! don't look as if you didn't understand me. The circumstances are against you, sir. You have treated me infamously."

"Under what circumstances have I treated you infamously?" Hugh asked.

"Under pretense of giving me a dinner," the doctor shouted—"the worst dinner I ever sat down to!"

His wife signed to him to be silent. He took no notice of her. She insisted on being understood. "Say no more!" she warned him, in a tone of command.

The brute side of his nature, roused by Mountioy's contemptions composure, was

warned him, in a tone of command.

The brute side of his nature, roused by Mountjoy's contemptuous composure, was forcing its way outward; he set his wife at deflance.

"Then don't let him look at me as if he thought I was in a state of intoxication" cried the furious doctor. "There's the man, miss, who tried to make me tipsy," he went on, actually addressing himself to Iris. "Thanks to my habits of sobriety, he has been caught in his own trap. He's intoxicated. Ha friend Mountjoy, have you got the right explanation at last? There's the door, sir!"

Mrs. Vimpany felt that this outrage was beyond endurance. If something was not done to atone for it, Miss Henley would be capable—her face, at that soment, an swered for her—of leaving the house with Mr. Mountjoy. Mrs. Vimpany saised her husband indignantly by the arm.

"You brute, you have spollteverything?" she said to him. "Apologize directly to Mr. Mountjoy. You won't?"

Experience had taught his wife how to break him to her will. "Do you reweats."

"I won't!"

Experience had taught his wife how to break him to her will, "Do you remember my diamond pin!" she whispered.

He looked startled. Perhaps he thought she had lost the pin.

"Where is it?" he asked eagerly.

"Gone to London to be valued. Beg Mr. Mountjoy's pardon, or I will put the money in the bank—and not one shilling of it do you get."

In the mean while, Iris had justified Mrs. Vimpany's apprehensions. Her indignation noticed nothing but the insult offered to Hugh. She was too seriously

agitated to be able to speak to him. Still admirably calm, his one anxiety was to

admirably calm, his one anxiety was to compose her.

"Don't be afraid." he said; "it is impossible that I can degrade myself by quarrelling with Mr. Vimpany. I only wait here to know what you propose to do. You have Mra. Vimpany to think of."

"I have nobody to think of but you," Iris replied. "But for me, you would never have been in the house. After the insult that has been offered to you—oh, Hugh, I feel it, too!—let us return to London together. I have only to tell Rhoda we are going away, and to make my preparations for traveling. Send for me from the inn, and I will be ready in time for the next train."

parations for traveling. Send for me from
the inn, and I will be ready in time for the
next train."

Mrs. Vimpany approached Mountjoy,
leading her husband.
"Sorry I have offended you," the doctor
said. "Beg your pardon. It's only a joke.
No offense, I hope?"

His servility was less endurable than his
insolence. Telling him that he need say
no more, Mountjoy bowed to Mrs. Vimpany and left the room. She returned his
bow mechanically in silence. Mr. Vimpany and left the room. She returned his
bow mechanically in silence. Mr. Vimpany followed Hugh out, thinking of the
diamond pin and eager to open the house
deer as another act of submission which
might satisfy his wife.

Even a clever woman will occasionally
make mistakes, especially when her temper happens to have been roused. Mrs.
Vimpany found herself in a faise position
due entirely to her own imprudence.

She had been guilty of three serious errors. In the first place, she had taken it
for granted that Mr. Vimpany's restorative mixture would completely revive the
sober state of his brains. In the second
place, she had trusted him with her vengeance on the man who had found his way
to her secrets through her husband's intemperance. In the third place, she had

place, she had trusted him with her vengaance on the man who had found his way
to her secrets through her husband's intemperance. In the third place, she had
rashly assumed that the doctor, in carrying out her instructions for insulting
Mountjoy, would keep within the limits
which she had prescribed to him, when
she hit on the audacious idea of attributing his disgraceful conduct to the temptation offered by his host's example. As a
consequence of these acts of imprudence,
she had exposed herself to a misfortune
that she honestly dreaded—the loss of the
place which she had carefully maintained
in Miss Heuley's estimation. In the contradictory confusion of feelings, so often
found in women, this deceitful and dangerous creature had been conquered—littile by little, as she had herself described
it—by that charm of sweetness and simplicity in Iris, of which her own deprayed
nature presented no trace. She now spoke
with hesitation, almost with timidity, in
addressing the woman whom she had so
cleverly deceived, at the time when they

rst met. "Muss I give up all, Miss Heuley, that I most value?" she asked.
"I hardly understand you, Mrs. Vimpany."
"I will try to make it plainer. Do you really mean to leave me this evening?"
"I do."
"The short I am grieved to hear

"I do."
"May I own that I am grieved to hear
It? Your departure will deprive me of
some happy hours, in your company."
"Your husband's conduct leaves me no

some happy hours, in your company."

"Your husband's conduct leaves me no alternative." Iris smiled.

"Pray do not humiliate me by speaking of my husband! I only want to know if there is a harder trial of my fortitude still to come. Must I lose the privilege of beling your friend?"

"I hope I am not capable of such injustice as that." Iris declared. "It would be hard indeed to lay the blame of Mr. Vimpany's shameful behavior on you. I don't forget that you made him offer an apology. Some women, married to such a man as that, might have been afraid of him. No. that, might have been afraid of him. No.



mo; you have been a good friend to meand I mean to remember it."

Mrs. Vimpany's gratitude was too sincerely felt to be expressed with her customary readiness. She only said what the stupidest woman in existence could have said: "Thank you."

In the silence that followed the rapid movement of carriage wheels became and movement of carriage wheels became and ble in the street. The sound stopped at the door of the doctor's house.

CHAPTER X .- THE MOCKERY OF DECEIT. Had Mountjoy arrived to take Iris away. Had Mountjoy arrived to take its away, before her preparations for traveling were complete? Both the ladies hurried to the window, but they were too late. The rapid visitor, already hidden from them under the portico, was knocking imartly at the door. In another minute a man's voice in the hall asked for "Miss Henley." The tones—clear, mellow and pleasantly The tones—clear, mellow and pleasantly varied here and there by the Irish accent

varied here and there by the Irish accent—were not to be mistaken by anyone who had already heard them. The man in the hall was Lord Harry.

In that serious emergency Mrs. Vimpany recovered her presence of mind.

She made for the door, with the object of speaking to Lord Harry before he could present himself in the drawing-room. But iris had heard him ask for her in the hall; and that one circumstance instantly stripped of its concealments the character of the woman in whose integrity she had believed. Her first impression of Mrs. Vimpany—so sincerely repented, so eagerly atoned for—had been the right impression after all! Younger, lighter, and quicker than the doctor's wife, Iris reached the door first and laid her hand on the lock.

ed the door first and laid her hand on the lock.

"Wait a minute, she said.

Mrs. Vimpany hesitated. For the first time in her life at a loss what to sa she could only sign to Iris to stand baol. Iris refused to move. She put her tarrible question in the plainest words:

"How does Lord Harry know that I am in the house?"

The wretched woman (listening intently for the sound of a step on the stairs) refused to submit to a shameful exposure, even now. To her perverted moral sense, any falsehood was acceptable, as a means of hiding herself from discovery by Iris. In the very face of detection, the skilled deceiver kept up the mockery of deceit.

"My dear," she said, "what has come to you? Why won't you let me go to my room?"

Iris eyed her with a look of scornful sur-

lris eyed her with a look of scornful surprise.

"What next?" she said. "Are you impudent enough to pretend that I have not found you out, yet?"

Sheer desperation still sustained Mrs. Vimpany's courage. She played her assumed character against her contemptuous incredulity of Iris, as she had sometimes played her theatrical characters against the hissing and hooting of a brutal and increase.

yourself."
"Do you think I didn't see in your face,"
Iris rejoined, "that you heard him, too?
Answer my question!"
"What question!"
"You have heard it,"
"No!"

"What question?"

"You have heard it,"

"No?"

"You false woman!"

"Bon't forget, Miss Henley, that you are speaking to a lady."

"I am speaking to Lord Harry's spy!"

Their voices rose loud, the excitement on either side had reached its climax; neither the one nor the other was composed enough to notice the sound of the carriage-wisels, leaving the house again. In the meanwhile, nobody came to the drawing-room door. Mra Vimpany was too well acquainted with the hot-headed Irish lord not to conclude that he would have made himself heard, and would have found his way to Iris, but for some obstacle, below stairs, for which he was not prepared. The doctor's wife did justice to the doctor at last. Another person had, in all probability, heard Lord Harry's voice—and that person might have been her husband.

Was it possible that he remembered the Strvice which she had saked of him; and, even if he had succeeded in calling it to mind, was his discretion to be trusted? As those questions occurred to her, the desire to obtain some positive information was more than she was able to resist. Mrs. Vimpany attempted to leave the drawing-room for the second time.

But the same motive had already urged Miss Henley to action. Again, the younger woman outstripped the elder. Iris descended the stairs, resolved to discover the cause of the sudden suspension of events in the lower part of the house.

[To Re Continued.]

'There is that horrid, ill-atting riding dress of mine. Pve tried to give it away several times but nobody seems to want

THE CREYHOUND. thern California Method of Heatis the Jack-Rabbit of the West.

The greyhound is becoming a popular dog in America, and coursing clubs are being formed throughout the country, dogs being imported at great expense. In certain regions of California pense. In certain regions of California the hare exists in myriads, and the ranchers keep the greyhounds to run them off, so it is natural that Californians should believe that they have some of the fastest dogs in the country. How fast can they run? A good greyhound has been known to run four miles in twelve minutes. "Sill" head miles in twelve minutes. "Silk" has caught a hare within one hundred and fifty feet of the start, and as for "Mouse," now fat and heavy. I have run the fastest horse I could find against her, and she was always just ahead, looking back as if to say, "Why don't you come?" The pace of the dogs is illustrated by the fact that two of them when running in a vineyard came into collision; light and slender as the animals were, one dog's neck was broken and the other hound was seriously injured.

Coursing is by no means a new sport. Not only is it an old English custom, but even in the ancient carvings of Thebes we find the greyhound. Among the ancients, chasing the hare with these dogs was considered a noble sport, for the greyhound has an aris-tocratic micn, and is the type of re-finement and culture among dogs. finement and culture among dogs. True coursing differs materially from often degenerates into a sport carried on simply for gain. It was first organized as a sport by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, in the time of Elizabeth, and the old rules are to some extent followed in England to-day. In these, the various efforts of the dogs in turning the hare count, and numbers of dogs contest, one with another, to a finish. In America, coursing clubs rarely, if ever, run the dogs in narrow inclosures, as it is thought unsporte-manlike not to give the hare every advantage. Certainly, such is the spirit of the sport in Southern California.

The hare runs as fast as the dogs, but as he lacks their endurance he takes them up slopes and over rough country, displaying great cunning. One hare, which I have chased a number of times, invariably ran in a wide circle. finally leading the dogs among the rocks, and escaping in a thick grove. This little animal is indebted to me for much exercise, and I have no doubt he enjoyed the running. The hare be-ing smaller and lighter can turn more quickly, and the best dog is the one that can most adroitly meet these quick changes of direction. The pack is rushing along when the hare suddenly turns at a right angle; poor dogs overrun and take a wide turn and, before they can recover, the hare is far away. Still, a good dog will lose but little. Once my dog had almost caught a hare, when the cunning animal darted to a tree and began to run around it in a circle, while I stopped and looked on. Mouse could not make the turns so quickly, and apparently soon became dizzy, for, as the hare ran off, she came to me very much embarrassed at my laughter. Another time I saw a Jack turn suddenly, dodge Mouse's snap at him, and dart between her legs and

The greyhound, running by sight The greyhound, running by sight alone, shows remarkable sagacity in following the game, leaping into the air, as we have seen, looking sharply about, and using its intelligence in a marvelous way. When a hare is caught, he is killed instantly and tossed into the air, the other dogs recognizing the winner's rights and rarely making an attemnt to touch the game after the an attempt to touch the game after the

Besides being shapely and beautiful, the greyhound has both courage and affection. It will run down a deer or wolf as quickly as a hare, and is ferocious in its anger with a large foe. My dogs are remarkably affectionate and intelligent, extremely sensitive to kindness or rebuke. The moment the house is opened in the morning, Mouse, if not forbidden, rushes up-stairs, pushes

open my door, and greets me as if we had been separated for months. Then she will dart into my dressing-room and reappear with a shoe, or a leggin, if she can find it, and present it to me, wagging her tail and saying plainly. "Come, it's time to be up; a fir

or a run!" The death of the bare is not considered an important feature, the pleasure being derived from watching the movements of the dogs, their magnificent bursts of speed, the turns and stops, their strategy in a hundred ways, and especially from the enjoyment of riding over the finest winter country in the world .- C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.

A RELICIOUS SPREE.

From George Kennan's "Adventures in Eastern Siberia" in the *Century* we quote the following: "We had no difficulty in getting post horses until just before dark Monday evening, when we reached the station of Turinopovorobnaya (Too-rin-o-po-vo-rote nah-yah), about fifty miles from Cita, and found the whole village in a state of hilarious intoxication. Sleighs filled with young intoxication. Sleighs filled with young men and boys were careering hither and thither with wild whoops and halloos; long lines of peasant girls in bright-colored calico dresses were unsteadily promenading back and forth in the streets with their arms around one another and singing khoroved songs; the stationhouse was filled with flushed and excited people from neighboring settlements, who had evidently been participating in a celebration of been participating in a celebration of some kind and were about starting for their homes; the station-master, who perhaps had not finished his celebra-tion, was nowhere to be found; there was not a driver about the stables; and the 'starosta' (stah ro-stah), a short, fat old man, who looked like a burghe from Amsterdam, was so drunk that even with the aid of a cane he could tried to ascertain the reasons for his surprising epidemic of inebriation. Nobody was sober enough to explain to us what had happened. From the excited and more or less incoherent conversation of the intoxicated travelconversation of the intoxicated travelars in the station-house, I learned that
even the village priest was so drunk
that he had to be taken home in a
sleigh by the soberest of his parishioners. If the station-master, the starosta,
the village priest, the drivers, and all
of the inhabitants were drunk, there
was evidently no prospect of our being
able to get horses. In fact we could
not find anybody who seemed sober
enough to know the difference between
a horse and his harness. We therefore
brought our baggage into the crowded
station-house and sat down in an unoccupied corner to study intoxicated
humanity and await further developments. Every person in the house was
drunk, except ourselves and one small
baby. . . .

"About nine o'clock the noise, tumult, and shouting in the village streets began to subside; the station-master, whose intoxication had taken the form of severe official dignity, suddenly appeared, and in a tone of stern mensoe wanted to know where the post drivers were and what all this disorder meant... finally, when we had almost abandoned the hope of ever getting away, a really sober man in a ragged sheepskin coat emerged from the darkness and reported in a business-like manner to the station-master that the horses were ready for us. The drunken and irrate official, who seemed desirous of vindicating his dignity and authority in some way, overwhelmed the unfortunate drives with abuse, and smide by fining him fifty kopecha—whether for being sober or for having the horses ready. I de not know. We

piled our baggage into the sleigh, elimbed in upon it, and rode out of the intoxicated settlement with thankful hearts. As the last faint sounds of

revelry died away in the distance behind us, I said to the driver: "What's the matter with everybody in this village? The whole population seems to be drunk." "They 've been consecrating a new church,' said the driver, soberly. "Consecrating a church!' I exclaim-ad in amazement. 'Is that the way you

consecrate churches?"

"I don't know,' he replied. 'Sometimes they drink. After the services they had a gulainia [a sort of holiday promenade with music and spirituous refreshments], and some of them crooked their elbows too often. "Some of them! I repeated. All of them, you mean. You're the only sober man I've seen in the place. How does it happen that you're not drunk?

"I'm not a christian,' he replied, with quiet simplicity, 'I'm a Buriat.'

"As a Christian—if not a member of

the Holy Orthodox Church-I was silanced by the unconscious irony of the reply. The only sober man in a village of three or four hundred inhabitants proved to be a pagan, and he had just been fined fifty kopecks by a Christian official for not getting drunk with other good citizens and thus showing his respect for the newly consecrated editice and his appreciation of the benign in-fluence of the Holy Orthodox Faith!"

An Intelligent Mule.

An ex-school teacher tells a story which is "the truth," the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The Atlanta Constitution endeavors to give the details of how the mule voted as

near in his own language as possible:
"It was customary;" said he, "for the
teachers in the district to be excused from road duty by a vote of the hands present. Some of the boys in the neighborhood concluded that they would like to see me swing a pick and throw dirt with a shovel. On the morning in question, one of the hands who had been subpœnaed was away on a frolic, and had permission to send his mule as a substitute. The boss called the boys together, and asked them to vote on my case, as to whether

or not to excuse me.
"Well, the vote was taken and it was a tie. "One of my friends made the point that the mule was a substitute for a hand, and therefore had the right of suffrage. The boss decided that it had, and had the boys to form a line in the middle of the road, with the mule in

the gang. Then he proclaimed:
"All that are in favor of excusing the teacher will step off to the right of the road, and all opposed to the left."
"Well, to the chagrin of the boys that wanted me to work, the mule took to the right. The vote then stood one

A little weazened Scotchman, of Australia, named McLean, has probably the largest 13-year-old boy in the world.

He is six feet six inches in height, and weighs about 220 pounds. A pamphlet has just been published in which it is attempted to show that the first inventor of the phonograph was not Mr. Edison, but a Frenchman,

the late M. Charles Cros. Inventor Edison's 16-year-old daughter is said to be almost marvelously bright. She is described as a fair musician, a good draughtsman, and she speaks four languages.

The widow of the late King Luis of Portugal receives a yearly allowance of \$64,000, which will be reduced one-half if she lives abroad. Of course she has

lecided to remain in Lisbon. The Mining and Engineering Journal says that only two pounds of tin have been discovered in Dakota, yet \$2,000,-000 of capital has been raised for the purpose of working the mines.

Sam Jones delivered a sermon recently in Virginia in which he said: "John the Baptist was the bravest type of Christian I know of. He jumped on Herod and pawed his feathers out."
The Duke of Northumberland reently presented to the Astor Library four volumes of the annals of his an-cestors, one of whom. Lord Percy, served in the attack on Bunker Hill and

the storming of Washington Heights. There is a report at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, that Krupp, the great German gun-maker, contemplates setting up an establishment in Pennsylvania, so that in case of a war in Europe he can supply guns to any nation that wants

People in West Gloucester, Me., say that the spirit of a hermit who lived on the shores of Sabbath Day Point thirty years ago, and was drowned in its waters, still lingers about the lake, where its hoarse laugh may occasionally be

Mrs. Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent of the London Daily News and Mr. Labouchere's Truth, is the only lady member of the celebrated Cobden Club, and one of the most ominent characters of contemporary

Parisian history. The late ex-Gov, Dewey of Wisconsin left with his will a sketch in which he traced his ancestry back to 1633, when Thomas Due arrived in Massachusetts from Dover, England. Thus do we see how the family got more than its Due in the matter of name.

An individual who was a clerk in the India House with Charles Lamb and John Stuart Mill, has just died at Ventnor, England, after having enjoyed a handsome pension for fifty-four years. He had been allowed to retire, "in conequence of broken health," in 1835.

A number of princes received prizes A number of princes received prizes at the Paris exposition. The duc d'Aumale obtained his for the Zucco wine which he makes on his land in Scilly; the king of Holland received a prize for his beer from the Royal brewery, and Cardinal Lavigerie won a great prize for Algerian wine.

The tallest smokestack in the United States was finished recently. It will be connected with forty boilers of the four new mills of the Fall River Iron Company. It is 350 feet in height, and cost \$40,000. Two chimneys in Glasgow, Scotland, are higher, one being 454 feet and the other 435 feet.

Swimming baths are becoming popular additions to English schools. The school board contends that it is quite as

important for a boy to learn to swim and claims that the swimming bath adds to the comfort of the scholars and Assaults by privates upon their superior officers are said to be on the in-orease in the British army. At Ports-mouth in one week there were no fewor than four cases of the sort tried by district court-martial. Three of the cases occurred abroad, the prison-ers being brought home with their reg-

The salt industry in southern Kan assuming majestic proportions. It is said that the salt taken up at Well-

is said that the salt taken up at Wellington, in that state, is the purest in the world. A dozen great salt plants are in active operation and others will soon be established. In a few years all the salt used for ordinary purposes west of the Mississippi River will probably be supplied by Kansas.

Great Britain mined almost 10.000,000 more tons of coal, iron, and other minerals last year than in 1887, and employed 10,000 more men in the work, but fewer lives were lost in the grocess. The total number of fatal accidents was 885, and of deaths occasioned thereby 940, being an increase of feur in the accidents, but a decrease of starty-one in the lives lost.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A skillful cook is the most popular of all interior decorators.—Life. When money gets tight it ought to make a man's pocketbook full.—Kear-

ney Enterprise. The trump of fame often comes to a man when it is too late in the game to do him any good.-Puck. Speaking of hunting, sewing-so-cieties are great promoters of dear-talking.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Does farming pay? O, yes; if you go at it right it helps to pay the interest on the mortgage.—Puck.

"You say that drinking is one of your husband's failings?" "Failings?" O, no. It is one of his successes."—

-it's the name of the tailor on the lit-tle tag at the back of the neck. - Toledo She-What do you supppose supports the vast arch of the heavens?" He-

"The moon-beams, I guess."-Lowell Citizen. The man who said that he would rather make the songs than the laws of a country had his eye on the lay of the

and .- Puck. "The fine Italian hand," so much discussed, is most frequently visible in connection with the barrel-organ— Washington Capital.

The wise King said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" In Florida the ant saves the sluggard the journey. — Florida Times-Union. Loafer-"How are you? Just thought I'd drop in a while to kill time." Busy

Man-"Well, we don't wan't any other time killed."-Lawrence American. Mrs. Tathill-"I saw your wife out riding with another man this after-noon." Mr. Tubbs (excitedly)—"You did! Did they have my horse?"—Life. Jackson— "Mrs. Henpeck tells me she gained six pounds while she was in the mountains." Henpeck— "That's

nothing; I gained twelve while she was away."-Life. Teacher-"Anonymous means without a name; write a sentence showing you understand how to use the word." Small Girl (writes)—"Our new baby is anonymous."—Life.

Mrs. Watts-"What a sweet child your Willie is. He's a perfect little angel, I think." Mrs. Potts-"No, not quite. He takes after his father in some ways."-Terre Haute Express. Caller-"Why don't you try Christian science for Fido? You know how

much it did for our baby." Hostess-"Yes; but I can't afford to fool with the life of that dog. Why, he cost \$45."-Judge. Servant-"Will madam speak a little lower?" Mistress—"What is the mat-ter? Have any of the children been taken sick?" Servant—"No, ma'am; but this is the hour for Fido's after-

noon nap."-Judge. Private Bullion of the "Elite Guards" "Ah, a uniform is the thing to catch the hearts of the dear creatures!" His Valet—"Right you are, sor. I was on the pillace foorce meself, wanst."—

Terre Haute Express. Eight colleges have been built in Kansas during the last year. This sort of thing will go on until the Sunflower State will have to import all of its farm hands and kitchen girls from Missouri.

Kansas City Star. Mr. Crankwrestle-"I tell you I can't stand this smell of cooking cabbage in the house." Mrs. Crankwres-tle-"It isn't half so bad as I have to put up with when you smoke it in the house."-Town Topics.

Johnny - "What did mean when he said something about a place where thieves do not break through and steal?" Mr. Dumpsey-"He referred to your mother's dress

Bjones—"How do you heat your house, Jsmith?" Jsmith—"With hot water." "Bjones—"Why, I didn't know there were any pipes in the house." Jsmith—'Well, you knew I was married, didn't you?"—Time. Many a woman dusts billiard chalk off her husband's coat with big drops of tears in her beautiful eyes, as she re-

work at his desk close to that nasty whitewashed wall .- Richmond Recorder. Mrs. Popinjay—"I see by the paper that a newly married pair in Michigan are taking their bridal trip in a rowboat." Mr. Popinjay—"Huh! I'll bet before the trip is ended it will be all oar between them."—Burlington Free

flects how hard and how late he has to

Lady of the House-"No, I make it principle never to give away money at the door." Tramp — "Very well, madam, if you have any feeling about it, I am perfectly willing that yo should hand it to me out of the wir dow."- Yale Record.

Chippie—"Yaas, Gladstone is a gweat man but I'd wather be Bwight, don-cherknow!" Chappie—"John Bwight is dead, deah boy." "Aw, I mean the fellah who intwoduced Bwight disease, The Pwince has taken it up, doncherknow!"—Boston Times.

"John, bring me a glass of hot punch." Servant (bringing it) — "I think this is not quite hot enough, sir." "How do you know that? You must have tasted it." "Indeed, no sir; I would not do such a thing; I tried it with my fingers."-Fliegende Blaetter. The Rev. O. P. Ate-"Brother Snorer, don't you think your influence

would be greater if you were to remain

awake during the sermon. Deacon Snorer—"No, can't say's I do, Parson, The Good Book says, 'He giveth His beloved sleep,' you know."— Tolede Blade. "How to invest money safely is the question most people find of the great-est interest," says an editor, who evidently did not mean to pun; but he is wrong. The question that most people find of the greatest interest is how to get money to invest.—Somerville

Mr. Junior (feeling the necessity of saying something pleasant on the way to the ballroom)—"Er, may I admire that gown, Miss ?lainfayee?" Miss Plainfayee—"Certainly, you may admire my clothes as much as you like." Mr. Junior—"O, of course it could go no further."—Timc.

One of the remarkable things in Utah is a mountain near Salt Lake City com-

A green mail agent on the Reading Railroad hung out the mail-bag catcher and hooked a reel of hose from a water Recent statistics show that 9,000,000 Germans reside outside of Fatherland, of whom 7,000,000 are to be found in the United States.

s a mountain near Salt Lake City com

pletely covered by oyster shells.

Henry M. Stanley, who is now in the heart of Africa is under bond to de-liver a series of lectures in this coun-try for the season of 1890-91. Minnie Wallace Walkup, who was tried at Emporia, Kas., for poisoning her husband, has obtained a pension because of his services in the army.

because of his services in the army.

Rosa Bonheur hargiven to Buffalo Bill a fine pair of mustangs, which she had been unable to break. His cowboys quickly brought them to time.

John D. Rockefeller is 52 years old. He began making millions only a few years ago, and already he can number more millions of dollars than years.

The actresses in Lionel Brough's company in South Africa, having found husbands among the diamond diggers, Mr. Brough has telegraphed to London for a freeh supply.



CORMANDIZING.

or overeating, or the partaking of too rich and indigestible food, is a common cause of discomfort and suffering. To relieve the stomach and bowels from such overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant

If the too free indulgence in such intemperate eating has deranged digestion, causing dyspepsia and biliousness, attended with a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in mouth in morning, on arising, drowsiness after meals, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity and hypochondria—then you need to follow up the use of the Pellets with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to tone up the stomach, invigorate the liver, and set all the processes of digestion at work. While curing indigestion, it purifies the blood, cleansing the system from all humors and blood-poisons—no natter of what name or nature, or from what cause arising. Unlike ther blood-purifiers, it operates equally well at any season of the year. contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment in the tomach and derange digestion. On the contrary, it retards fermentation and promotes all the digestive and assimilative processes. It is as conderful and peculiar in curative results as in its chemical composition. here is nothing similar to it in composition or approaching it in results. herefore, don't be duped and induced to take some substitute, said to

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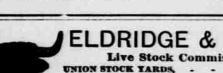
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She Meant Business

A handsome young woman rushed into the recorder's office resterday afternoon and breathlessly demanded of the startled clerk who prepares the marriage licenses the name of the street on which he lived and the number of the house. She said in explana-tion: "I want you to have a license ready at your house and I'll call around to-night with the man and get it. Now be sure, because he works in the day-time and I want to get that license to-list." Becavaring his equanimity night." Recovering his equanimity the clerk assured her that the license would be in readiness, and she departed with a long drawn sigh of relief.— Kansas City Times.

Exercise Assured.

Physician: "Yes, madam, I have examined your husband. All he needs is fresh air and exercise." Caller: 'Oh, dear! He never will take exercise, and lear! He never will take exercise, and I know there is no use urging him to. What shall I do?" Physician: "Move out of the city into the suburbs. Get some house advertised as five minutes from the station.' Then he'll have to iramp about five miles twice a day, or starve to death."—N. I. Weckly.

English Venison

A noted gourmet recently declared that there are not five parks in England where the venison is now worth its currant jelly, and that, in the course of the previous season, he had not met with more than one haunch that could be cited as even noticeable, and not one that was good enough to seduce him into a second plate.

With a Front Exp With a Freeze Expression.

Speaking of ice carnivala,' said Weak-brane the other evening, 'reminds me of an account I once read of an ice palace in a Russian city where they had a stame of Venus made entirely of ice. That must have been a novelty.'

'Well, yes,' responded one of the hopeless once, 'yes, I should say it was rather a nude-of-ice!' and the ensuing silence was so distressingly noiceless that you might have heard an engagement ring.

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'Well, I'm full again,' said the cider-barrel, trying to stand on its head.
'I thought so,' said the little keg, 'when I saw you rolling over here all banged up. Oh, yes, you are tight!'